cebird tills the pallowing apray, these are golden for; the counds are in the ulr;

And grasshowners, in restiling play,
Vault round me everywhere.

Where flies the bird? Ah! who can tell?
The bee stark-dead will lie;
and faint will grow the michet's bell
When winds are wailing by;
is idle song of mine, as well,
Vith antumn leaves will die.

'one' Journal.

MISCRILLANEOUS.

George Alfred Townsend writes to the Chicago Tribuns, under a recent date:
Intimations have been given out in several quarters that we are to be gratified with a glimpse of the combined Eric and Tammany ring in Washington this winter, New York being, for the future, altogether too small a theatre for their performances. Whether it be Sweeney, or Gould, or Fish, Jr., is not clearly made out, but Fisk, Jr., has been here already. It was in this wise:

Mr. Riley, a dry goods merchant on the avenue, says that, some few years ago, when his patience had been pretty well run down by dry goods drummers, he was amazed to see enter his store a stoutish, stylish young man, dressed like a blue-jay, in velvet, and varnish, and gold seals, who, caim as a horse jockey, mid:

"Kiley, my name's Fisk; I want to sell you some goods."

"I don't want any goods, of any sort."

"Riley, you do! You want just the goods I have, Riley, and I mean to sell them to you. I want you, old boy, to report yourself at the Metropolitan Hotel this evening, and I'll fix you off with some goods that you'll be ruined without."

Lotel.

When he arrived there the same night, he was ushered up to a pair of parlors. In the back room were the ribbons, samples, and imcracks of the future financier, and through the half open door Riley could see in the other parlor, gathered about an elaborate champagne spread, some forty Senators, Rapresentatives, and heads of departments, Fisk slapping them familiarly, making everybody roar with laughter, and otherwise showing the most ancient forms of friendship with each and every one of them.

"Come in," he said to Riley, "here's the fatted calf that died squealing for you."

I don't drink."

"All right, Riley, old boy!" said Fisk.
Keep your upper story clear; that's my little game." "Fisk! look here, how long have you known those men?"

"Never met one of them before to-day! I set them a spread. I always lay a nest egg like this, you know."

It is presumable that Fisk, therefore, will not be without friends when he comes to Washington.

Our Presidents

THERE have been fifteen persons elected THERE have been fifteen persons elected by the people to the office of President of the United States. Of this number the present incumbent is the only survivor. It is true that Messrs. Fillmore and Andrew Johnson, who were chosen Vice Presidents and became Presidents by the deaths of their chiefs, Taylor and Lincoln, are still living. This is extraordinary mortality. The first President, Gen. Washington, died while the second President was in office.

Jackson, died three years before his pre-decessor, the sixth President, via, in 1845. The eighth, Martin Van Buren, died in 1866, when Andrew Johnson was in

The ninth, Gen. Harrison, expired one month after his inauguration, in 1841.

The tenth, James K. Polk, "ied within

three months after leaving the office, in May, 1849.

Gen. Taylor, the eleventh President, died in office in July, 1850.

Gen. Franklin Pierce, the twelfth President, has just deceased, being the last survivor of the ex-Presidenta.

His successor, James Buchanan, departed this life in June of last year, being the thirteenth President.

Abraham Lincoln, the fourteenth President, as is well known, was assassinated.

dent, as is well known, was assassinated in April, 1865, being the second month of his second term.

We give below a table showing the number of years each President lived after the expiration of his Presidential term.

George Washington...
John Adams.
Thomas Jefferson.
James Mouroe
J. Q. Adams
Audrew Jackson
Martin Van Baren
W. H. Harrison

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THE WAR THE PARKET PH.

By Alfred S. Horsley.

COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1869.

VOL. XV.-NO. 12.

The Game of Chess.

The story of the origin of the game of chess is something after this wise: An animon after this wise: An anim

And the standard control of th

serted.

There is only one stimulant that never intoxicates—duty. Duty puts a clear sky over every man into which the skylark—happiness—always goes singing.—Prentice.

And I thought I duty
mediately given once more: "Double given once more: "Double given once more: "Double given once mediately given once more: "Double given once

314 B 5 11 10 17 17 18 18 19 18 18 1 THE REGISNING OF BYIL

The property of the property o make abstracts, and we used to stint ourselves to a line for one of his chatty sections. That was good practice for writing, and we remember what was in the sections to this hour. If you copy, make a first-rate index to your extracts. They sell books prepared for the purpose, but you may just as well make your own.

You see I am not contemplating any very rapid or slap-dash work. You may put that on your novels, or books of amusement if you choose, and I will not be very cross about it; but for the books of improvement, I want you to improve by reading them. Do not "gobble" them up so that five years hence you shall not know whether you have read them or not. What I advise seems slow to you, but if you will, any of you, make or find two hours a day to read in this fashion, you will be one day accomplished men or women. Very few professional men, known to me, get so much time as that for careful and systematic reading. If any boy or girl wants really to know what comes of such reading, I wish he would read the life of my friend George Livermore, which our friend Charles Deane has just now written for the Historical Society

left active and laborious business; but when he died, he was one of the accomplished historical scholars of America. He had no superior in his special lines of study; he was a recognized authority and leader among men who had given their lives to scholarship.

I have not room to copy it here, but I wish any of you would turn to a letter of Frederick Robertson's, near the end of the

and the first would causer.

A Base for Life.

A Base for Life.

To Sinsing abstraces the Part Wyper Relifered Company sent is constructed that his part of the property of th

An Incident in the Early History of Greenbacks.